

N.A.P.P.



Newsletter

VOLUME XXIV

DECEMBER 1986

NUMBER 3

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

A Merry Christmas and a Blessed New Year to All!



This month I was going to list the names of some of the US Air employees who are helping me plan the festivities for our annual convention at Greater Pittsburg International Airport on July 7 & 8, 1987.

Instead I would like to issue a special invitation to former members and those who recently let their membership lapse, to give serious consideration to joining us as we begin our silver jubilee celebration.

Even if you no longer fly we want you to come. There are quite a few private pilots who no longer fly because of medical reasons rising insurance costs, fuel, rentals, etc. We have any number of people who do not fly at all but they enjoy our annual meetings.

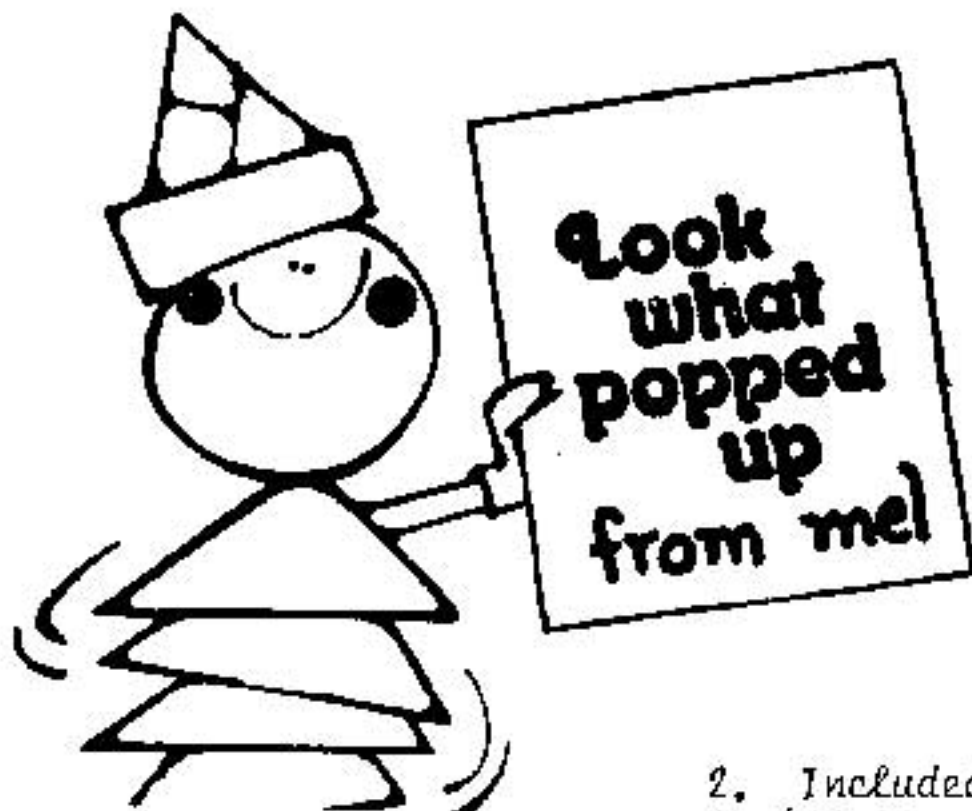
We will make our headquarters at the La Quinta Motel about one mile from the terminal entrance. The price for a single room is \$37 & \$42 for double occupancy.

If you plan to come by commercial airlines you might consider US Air. They issue clergy discount tickets. Positive space is guaranteed.

John Bellon, who has attended every convention, has already said he plans to come with Dick Skriba. Vic Schoenberger plans to fly in his home built plane. Watch the list grow.

We guarantee you a wonderful time.

John Dampka



1. This newsletter has two items of particular interest. One is a letter from Pat Patten in East Africa that describes the last flight of Cessna 206 #60243. Pat did a terrific job of piloting and his professional approach is to be commended.

Whenever I read of such incidents I always hope that-(IF)-that time ever comes for me to have to cope with such a situation I'll be able to do all the things as calmly and coolly.

The other letter is the Christmas letter of Jose Llaguno, S.J., Bishop of the Diocese of Tarahumara, Mexico.

2. Included in this mailing is the annual reminder for dues. At \$10.00 per year it's probably one of the best deals going. We would once again appreciate it if you could return this as soon as possible. It does simplify our work considerably and

we, like everyone else, do not find our burdens becoming lighter each year.

I know this is old stuff, but P-L-E-A-S-E, put that ten bucks in the envelope right now and help us out.

Remember, if you can't swing it financially, let us know and be our guest.

3. We will also include another informational brochure. There are other priest pilots out there who have not heard of NAPP. If you run into one, pass on the brochure.

4. Our treasurer, John Wolesky of SS. Peter and Paul, Clay Center, Kansas 67432, is parting with his wood wing Mooney. He has purchased another plane and is running the following ad in TRADE-A-PLANE this month.

Mooney M20 #5205B. 1000 hours since major. Lycoming 150. 2000 TBO. This will run on car gas. Emron Red/White/Blue paint. Metal tail. Mooney 201 windshield. Narco Com 11A; narco Xponder. Brittain auto-pilot. Heated pitot. \$10,000.00 or best offer.

5. The Midwest region will meet in Wichita, Kansas on Monday, May 4, 1987. Full details will be in the February issue. Mark your calendar now for this get together.

While you're at it, mark July 7 and 8 for the national in Pittsburg.

6. At last summer's national convention the membership voted to order more of the NAPP lapel pins. Jack Lawler called a couple of weeks ago and said they have arrived. A member who does not have one is entitled to one. If you so desire, please contact the treasurer, John Wolesky (mentioned above), and he will send you one. Better yet, pick your's up personally at the convention next summer.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Rev. Richard Lobert
Ascension Church
4603 Poplar Ave.
Baltimore, MD 21227

Rev. Charles B. Teufel
1300 Charles Street
Wellsburg, WV 26070

NEW MEMBERS

Rev. John P. Fischer
3223 Linwood Road
Cincinnati, Ohio 45226

briefs from here and there

[This letter from Pat Patten, Arusha, Tanzania, E. Africa - November 17, 1966]

Dear Mel,

Got the latest newsletter, the directory, and the new NAPP membership brochure. I noticed that the last paragraph on the WHO ARE THE MEMBERS? page says that "as a group of flyers, the 'FLYING PADRES' rate as one of the safest, most experienced group of non-professional pilots."

I hate to send in a report that makes that less true, but that's part of the bad news this month. Good news will follow, but first the bad.

On August 18th, after finishing a large clinic in the bush, where over 250 people were treated or vaccinated in one day, I was leaving to return home to Arusha. There were five of us on board the Horton-STOL-equipped Cessna 286, among them, the Bishop of Arusha. We were 200 pounds under gross and were airborne in less than half of the 3,000 foot dirt strip, climbing at 500 feet per minute (altitude 4,200 feet MSL). The strip is nearly surrounded by mountains.

I made a right turn out because of terrain; had the plane all trimmed up for climb, a couple hundred RPM under red line, when all of a sudden the rate of climb went from 500 to zero. Nothing to get excited about. Happens all the time in the mountains. I applied full power because I still had a ridge ahead of me 50 feet higher than I was. Checked all the gauges. All okay, even the six cylinder EGT looked perfect at 125 degrees rich of peak for best power. The ridge stayed right in place covering the whole horizon! and it was getting closer fast.

I've done enough mountain flying -- nearly a thousand hours of it -- to know never to approach a ridge head-on. Always leave a way out. I had one. That's what keeps bush flyers alive for more than a few months on the job. But this time, one way out wasn't enough. I hadn't figured on the incredible strength of the mountain wave. I began my turn away from the ridge, entering a wide, bowl-shaped valley. Normally plenty of room to turn around. I began adding flaps when I saw that the wind was pushing us very fast towards the far side of the "bowl." I was at tree-top level, having already traded my best rate of climb speed for best angle of climb, and I needed to tighten the turn. The stall horn started blaring. I certainly didn't want to spin in. Twenty degrees of flaps. And then I saw we weren't going to make it. The wind was just too strong pushing us towards the opposite ridge. Where I fully expected wind-induced lift, I didn't get it. About three seconds before impact I put on full flaps, still hoping it would push us over the last few feet of ridge. The airspeed needle was on the peg. We didn't stall. We struck the trees tail low and flopped-in like a helicopter.

The sudden snap when the tail contacted the tree caused two of the passengers in the rear to hit their shoulders against the inside wall of the cabin. One, who was 78, suffered a simple fracture of the collar bone and the Bishop had a cracked rib. No one needed hospitalization. The rest of us were completely unhurt -- except for a broken pilot's heart.

There was no fire. I immediately shut down everything and checked for fuel leaks. Everyone remained calm. The doctor on board said, "That was a pretty soft landing. I've had harder ones on the big jets!" We all got out of the plane. It was on the ground. There was no more difficulty getting out than there ever is in a Cessna 286.

As it was late in the afternoon, we started calling for the Maasai warriors in the special sound that's made in a time of danger. They had seen the accident from the airstrip, about a mile away. Despite the heavy undergrowth between the trees, they sliced their way to us in less than half-an-hour.

Meanwhile, I had contacted the Health Care Center, about five miles distant, by HF radio. The antenna was badly damaged, and five miles was about its limit. Normally, from the ground or the air, I can contact Cairo or Kinshasa without any problems. Both are more than 1,500 miles from here. When contact was made, I shut off the ELT and climbed a tree to help direct the warriors towards the plane. We walked down the mountain to the waiting car at the airstrip.

Contrary to what you may have heard on the CBS evening news, we did NOT walk 140 miles to the nearest town, accompanied by Maasai warriors. Makes a very nice story, I must admit; and it certainly would have been possible. But the following day I called the Flying Doctor Service (our counterpart in Nairobi) and they came to pick up my passengers. It is an hour and twenty minute flight back to Arusha (140 miles) where, it is true, is the nearest telephone. AP got the story wrong, too.

I stayed behind and worked with the warriors for five days, removing the radios and the engine. All were in perfect shape. It took 12 of us the better part of a day to carry the engine down the mountain. One of the warriors then agreed to stay with the wreckage till I returned. I was very happy for that. There was a lot left to salvage. And didn't want to take the chance of anyone moving the fuselage until the Tanzanian Government inspector arrived.

After finishing a full accident report, I went to Dar Es Salaam to file it with the Director General of Civil Aviation. He was very cooperative and sympathetic. He gave me a Police Helicopter to go with the inspector to the scene of the accident. He also gave us immediate permission to import a replacement airplane, something which normally could take well over a year's worth of red tape.

The plane had extensive damage to the leading edges of both wings. The horizontal stabilizer was nearly ripped off along with most of the tail section. But the remainder of the fuselage and all the cable, pulleys, bell cranks,



AT LEFT IS A PICTURE OF MYSELF (left) AND PAT TAKEN AT THE ARUSHA AIRPORT IN SEPTEMBER OF 1984 WHEN I VISITED HIM. THE PLANE IS THE ONE DESCRIBED IN THE PAT'S ARTICLE.

landing gear, windows, doors, and so on are still in good shape. I carried it down the mountain, piece by piece, with the help of my warrior friends and our new pilot (who arrived only days after the accident). And the good news? I didn't kill or maim anyone. I'm still alive and still as enthused as ever about flying. When I think back over the incident, I can't think of anything I would have done differently. That, I must admit, is a very good feeling. And people have been very kind and generous. Flying Doctors, though it is a strain on them, have picked up about half of our clinics, temporarily. WINGS OF HOPE promised us a second plane as soon as possible. It should be here on November 22nd. My new pilot said, "Thanks for waiting till now to crash. I, of course, will miss flying before going to language school; but I can fly anytime. I can't always take an airplane apart piece by piece and learn so much about it."

And then the Doctor I fly with on the southern leg of our clinics confessed that she had always been afraid of flying, especially in small planes. After the accident, and the safe outcome, she no longer has any fear of flying.

WINGS OF HOPE executive vice-president, Bill Edwards, wrote a letter to the Groups' president encouraging, if possible, an outright donation of yet another plane sometime next year (this present one cost \$45,000 as equipped). In the letter, he said that it was his conviction that our FLYING MEDICAL SERVICE aircraft (which crashed) was involved in the "most efficient bush medical service WINGS OF HOPE has ever been a party to." I was proud of that.

In fact, at the time of the crash, we were treating more than 1,000 patients per month. And until the accident, in the entire three years of the program's operation, we had missed only one clinic. And that wasn't because of bad weather or mechanical problems, but insurance difficulties during Lloyds scandal about a year-and-a-half ago. We fly about 450 hours a year. 250 of those are regularly scheduled clinic flights, visiting remote villages every two weeks. The remaining 200 hours are emergency flights where we are normally called into a life-threatening situation to bring a patient to a major hospital for treatment. As you can see, it has expanded into a much larger operation than the one you visited two years ago.

Mel, I am enclosing a copy of a couple of pages from my flight journal. While this letter is probably too long to pass on to the NAPP members in full, I would appreciate it if you would share some of the news, and maybe sometime in the future one or other of the stories. They might find it interesting. I do. And I never seem to get tired of it.

A Happy Thanksgiving and a Great Christmas to you.

Pat
Pat Patten

P.S. It is not true that your life flashes before your eyes a split second before you get done in. Or maybe because I'm still here to be thankful on Thanksgiving, I miss the privilege of the Flash???



ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO:

REV. MEL HEMANN
ST. JOSEPH CHURCH, BOX 309
PRESTON, IOWA 52069



[FROM JOHN P. FISCHER, CINCINNATI, OHIO]

Enclosed find a check #1497 in the amount of \$18.00 for my dues for a year's membership in the National Association of Priest Pilots. I am sending this membership fee to you at the request of Fr. John A. Donpka.

Currently, I am serving as Episcopal Vicar and Archdiocesan Mission Director for the Archdiocese of Cincinnati.

I studied at Sacred Heart Seminary in Cincinnati and obtained my B.A. degree at Xavier University in Cincinnati. I then studied theology in the Pontifical University of St. Thomas Aquinas in Rome and was ordained July 17, 1976. I served in the Missions in East Africa for two years.

I am Chaplain of the Catholic Committee of the Dan Beard Council of Boy Scouts of America and of Area 6 of the East Central Region. I also serve as Chairperson of the National Vocational Committee of the National Catholic Committee of Scouting.

As a certified Paramedic of the State of Ohio, I work with the Union Township Paramedic unit in Butler County, Ohio and also with the units of Loveland City and Fairfield City in Ohio.

One of the FARs states that a pilot may not fly within eight hours after consumption of alcohol. I am wondering how this relates to Priests in the celebration of the Eucharist. Can you give me any information on this question?

Fraternally in Christ,



Father John P. Fischer
3223 Linwood Road
Cincinnati, Ohio 45226

(EDITOR'S NOTE RE: FARs: I always speak the words of consecration at every Eucharistic liturgy. By virtue of a miraculous process called transubstantiation or transignification there's no longer any wine ... only the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ. Isn't God good?)

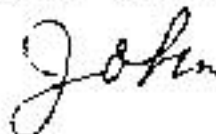
[THIS ONE FROM JOHN BIRK IN SPOKANE, WASHINGTON]

Dear Nappers,

Just a note to let you know because of my hectic schedule this coming year I won't be able to make the convention next year. I was selected to be on the National Board for Marriage Encounter which means I'll be flying, but commercial, to make the board meetings. Do enjoy the newsletter very much.

God bless you. Fly safely.

Yours in Christ with love & concern always,



Fr. John G. Birk

INSTRUMENT - COMMERCIAL

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Frank M. Mouch
5394 Midnight Pass Road
Sarasota, FL 34242 | 6. Joseph M. Nettekoven
St. Irenaeus Church
5201 Evergreen Ave.
Cypress, CA 90630 |
| 2. Charles Teufel
P.O. Box 471
Wellsburg, WV 26070 | 7. John L. Friederick
221 3rd Ave. West
Cresco, IA 52136 |
| 3. George Remm
St. Patrick's
708 W. Main St. Box 667
Urbana, IL 61801 | 8. Ev Hemann
Peosta, IA 52068 |
| 4. Fr. Barry Gearman, OSB
c/o Holy Redeemer Church
1301 NW 71 Street
Miami, FL 33147 | 9. Art Kleve
3421 W. 9th St.
Waterloo, IA 50702 |
| 5. Rev. William M. Carr
1810 North Roosevelt
Wichita, KS 67208 | 10. John W. Hemann
510 1st Ave. N.W.
Cedar Rapids, IA 52405 |

THE LIST GROWTH!!! PLEASE SEND ON AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

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The following was written by John W. Hemann, St. Patrick's Cedar Rapids, IA for the MARRIAGE ENCOUNTER Community he serves as Spiritual Director:

When I was a little child I really enjoyed the celebration of Christmas. It wasn't so much that it was a "religious" celebration as it was a time for us kids to have some special fun together. My childhood memories of Christmas include the exchange of presents between us kids, my brothers and sisters, and the gifts that Santa brought. At my home he always came on Christmas eve and most always would pay a visit to us in the house. We kids have some real memories of those face-to-face encounters with "jolly old St. Nicholas."

When I was older it was important for us to attend the Christmas Mass together. First, I was an altar boy and then later I sang in the high school choir. It was so much of a family celebrating together and being happy for one another. To see that someone else received the "special" gift they hoped for was a special kind of Christmas happiness.

In my family, since my grandparents on dad's side had already passed on, it was never a difficult decision as to which grandparents we would share Christmas with as children growing up. This family gathering on mother's side, uncles and aunts and first cousins, was something very special. It was a gathering that I looked forward to each year. One Christmas night I had a chance to have a "date" with a favorite "girl friend" of mine. It was difficult for me to decide whether to go on the "date" or to join the family Christmas party. (I elected to go on the "date").

When I was away at college and in the seminary it was one of the highlights of my Christmas vacations, to go to "grandma's" on Christmas (grandpa had died when I was in my first year of college) and the gathering with family and relatives on my mother's side and it kept the family close.

I remember my first years in the priesthood. I was at St. Patrick's in Cedar Rapids, which was in those days 173 miles from home, and I felt the strong urge to join the family on Christmas. We would have a "solemn High Mass" at midnight, I would get to bed at 1:30 a.m., get up at 4:10 a.m. to unlock the church and celebrate the 5:00 a.m. Christmas morning Mass. (This was after hearing confessions for days before Dec. 24 and for many hours each of those days).

My drive home (I hadn't learned the "joy" of flying yet) took almost four hours with my old car and those narrow roads. I'll never forget, how awful tired I would be, and once I happened to fall asleep in the midst of our family gathering in the Hemann house and mother was wondering if I was "bored" with everything. No, I love Christmas and I love being home with the family, but it's about all my physical body could take. Nevertheless, it was all worth it, just to be home.

This year, for the first time in 52 years of my life, "going home for Christmas" will be different. Mother is now living in the Nursing Home in Stacyville and we children will have to go to bring her "home for Christmas."

I hope that she will find "coming home for Christmas" just as exciting, loving and warm as we children have found it these past years. I know that she needs more sleep now and is used to taking an afternoon "nap" so if she falls asleep when we are all enjoying ourselves I know it won't be because she is "bored." In fact, I hope she enjoys some very "special" dreams and memories of Christmas's of the past and know that she created this good feeling about Christmas in the hearts of her children, grandchildren and great grandchildren.

May your family have a very joyous, happy and holy Christmas celebration.

Christmas 1986

Since Christmas is approaching, I take the opportunity to communicate with you and to share with you our reality of the Church in the Tarahumara. We will celebrate an event at the beginning of the year: the First Synod of the Diocese of the Tarahumara.

As we have tried to explain to our faithful during the last two years, the word Synod means "to walk together." And that is our desire: to search together (laity, nuns, priests and bishop) ways of evangelization and human development in the Tarahumara.

And that is what Christmas is about: the Son of God becomes man, is born in Bethlehem to accompany us, to be our brother, to always walk beside us. The walking with us that he started at Bethlehem, he continued all his life. With the start of what we call his public life, the first thing He does is bringing together a group of friends which is the first Christian Community that walks toward the Father together with Him.

Christmas invites us to walk together. We wish to celebrate here in the Tarahumar mountains the birth of Jesus who walks with us. We are convinced that the Lord will accompany us in this effort to search together ways of evangelization and human development as Church in the Tarahumara.

Besides wishing you peace and happiness for this Christmas, we would like to thank you for the support that you have given us during the year with your prayers and donations. This way you have walked with us from your homes. I am asking you for your prayers at Christmas for the success of the project of the Synod of the Diocese so it will become reality and express through it God's benediction on this Tarahumar country.

I am asking the Lord to shower upon you, your families, your friends, your Christian communities abundance of benediction this Christmas. I am also asking the Lord as a special Christmas gift to all, besides peace and happiness the walking together as brothers, as Christian community toward the House of the Father.

In the name of Christ,



Jose A. Llaguno, S.J.
Bishop of Tarahumara



Merry Christmas



We extend a special invitation to all lapsed and former members to rejoin NAPP once again.

Whatever your flying status may be your \$10.00 support aids others who are very dependant on the minimal contribution we make each year.

Only your support can enable NAPP to continue this work, small as it.

Help some one else's life be better because of what you share in and through NAPP.

MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND
HAPPY NEW YEAR